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---AN ABSTRACT---

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain for himself free of charge whether or not his invention is probably patentable. Communications should be addressed to HANDELOON PATENT CO., 351 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

FOR SALE:—A three room house and block in west part of city. Inquire at News office.

WANTED:—To exchange two ranches of 160 acres each, three miles from Mountainair, N. M., also a residence in town for Canyon City property. Address Miss Kate L. Trimble, Hereford, Texas.

14-11

Mrs. J. T. Coulter of Dallas is visiting at the home of L. E. Cowling.

If you want pure home made lard, phone 16, City Market.

W. S. Meyers and family spent the fourth with friends in Amarillo.

FOR SALE—1 team mules, 1 Jersey cow. Inquire of Dr. C. L. Daniels.

Mrs. I. L. Hunt and children left last Saturday for Lubbock to visit a week with relatives.

FOR SALE:—At a bargain if taken soon, St. James Hotel. Inquire of J. M. Meyers.

There were no motorcycle races at Amarillo auto races on July 4th. The "Indian" motorcycle agent there challenged all other makes for a race but none would accept the challenge.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of the Christian Church will give a "trip around the world" within the next three weeks. America, Ireland, Turkey, Japan, Africa and Mexico will be represented and tickets for the trip will be sold at 35 cents each. Definite announcement as to date and place of meeting will be made next week.

Why not do that building now? Our stock is complete and prices right.

Fulton Lbr. Co.

Henry Schroeder and family of Utica, Neb., arrived in Canyon last week and expect to make this their home as they have shipped all of their household goods. Mr. Schroeder says that the crop prospects in Nebraska are good, although everything is some three weeks behind the regular season. He made a visit through western Iowa and as far east as Waterloo, and he says that they have had, dry weather for some weeks and most of the pastures are brown and the small grain will have short straw, also the hay crop will be cut down very much in yield as compared to last season. He thinks that the farmers in Texas have lots to be grateful for, as they have had some warm weather but he says they can't expect icebergs this season of the year. The late, soaking rains will revive the pastures and help growing row crops very much. It will interfere with threshing of wheat as a number are threshing out of the fields.

Get a nice mutton roast or chops. We have it. Dawson Bros.

School Notes.

The consolidated rolls of the County Superintendent of Randall County for the school year beginning September 1st, 1910, show the following:

Number of children of school age in Canyon City Independent District, 344; number last year, 317; gain, 27.

Number children of scholastic age in rural districts, 403; number last year 391; gain, 12.

Total number of scholastics in the county, 747; total number last year, 708; showing a gain for the county of 39 or about 5 1-2 per cent.

Three common school districts in the county have voted bond issues within the last few months for the purpose of building school houses. These bond records have been approved by the Attorney General and the bonds are being printed.

On account of the decrease in property valuations as fixed by the Commissioners' Court, the funds from district taxes will be slightly less this year than last, but will still be sufficient for good terms of school.

School houses which need paint or repairs should now be looked after so that they may be ready for the fall terms. To neglect these things is false economy.

Subscribe for the News.

Earl B. VanSant

Earl B. VanSant was born in Delta County, Texas, in 1892, coming with his parents to the Panhandle of Texas when only two years old, having lived here continuously since. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. L. VanSant, are of our best citizens, numbering their friends by the score.

Earl was an unusually good boy at all times; industrious, reliable and manly in every respect; always consulting his parents as to what he should do or where he should go. He was a graduate of the high school of Canyon, class 1910, and had bright prospects for a great future before him; but alas, while out for recreation Wednesday night, June 29, 1910, the grim monster death, with his icy finger, touched the manly brow, and took from earth a beautiful life.

A beautiful life? Yes, all that could be said of a dutiful son, of a faithful student, or a lovable companion could be truthfully said of Earl. And above all things else, he was a bright, faithful Christian young man. So great was this thought of him, that it is the one consolation of the heart broken family. A heavy cloud has settled over the home, and sorrow has filled the hearts there. Yet thanks unto Him who doeth all things well, we can look up through this cloud of sorrow and say:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast;
There by His love o'er shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care;
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot enter there.

Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.

We weep not for Earl as those who have no hope, for we believe that when the mists have rolled away, we will be privileged to strick hands with him as we enter the threshold of the Eternal City of God. There will be no night there, no sadness neither sorrow nor crying and no heart aches to cause us pain. But Jesus himself will put His arms of love about us and, with His own hand, wipe the tears from our eyes.

To the God who is able to keep our strength, we commend our dear Brother and Sister VanSant for sustenance.

John D. White, Clarendon, Tex.

A Card of Thanks.

We take this method of thanking our many, many friends who so tenderly came to us and ministered unto us in the saddest hours of life. The many kind words, kind deeds and expressions of sympathy are all treasured up in our hearts as only bereaved ones can treasure. The silent flowers which were so lavishly bestowed in that hour, the presence of so many friends, and the tears of sympathy, speak words that human hearts could not utter. Again thanking one and all, we beg to remain your friends.

Mr. and Mrs. I. L. VanSant and children.

Resolutions.

Be it resolved that Canyon City Rebekah Lodge No. 350 extend to Bro. and Sister I. L. VanSant their heartfelt sympathy in the sad hour of their bereavement in the loss of their beloved son, Earl. May they be upheld by the heavenly Father whom they have loved and trusted so long. Be it further resolved that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Lodge, a copy sent to the bereaved family and published in the Randall County News.

Mrs. Maud Nickson,
Miss Tenie Thompson
J. W. Armstrong,
Committee.



If you can't keep cool, it won't do any good to get hot about it.

The postal savings bank ought to bring the old sock or tin can bank into disuse.

People who turn themselves loose, take the chances of being caught.

A large part of the pleasure of having a fine line of sweet peas is in the throwing them up to the neighbors.

When a girl is not at all serious she often thinks she would die.

Trouble comes promptly when it is called.

When a man has planted radishes in his back yard he is likely to hold to the theory that weeds serve as a protection.

Boys often do their best to make a home run to avoid a base hit.

Several girls change places in order to get the courtesies due to short acquaintance.

It is a pleasure to the ant to inquire of the fishing party if it has had a bite.

Even the priest, if it is put up to him squarely, must admit he might do better than he is doing.

The successful hawker has a way of leading the people of a neighborhood to look about to see who's hurt.

The advantage of a banana peel on the sidewalk is to prove to people that they have underestimated their ability.

It is a great blunder for people happily married to court on investigation.

When a man is cracked everybody wants him to ring off.

People are unopposed in having their own way reach a point where they see they have gone wrong.

When a man has made a success in business he thinks more of it than of the money he has made.

No matter how hardheaded a man may be someone is sure to find out he has a soft side.

A financial hurry does not raise the dust.

The man who hunts trouble is pretty sure to lose himself.

It is folly to look a personal problem through a magnifying glass.

Good Times in Texas.

Big crops of small grains, added to bumper crops of corn and cotton, large and profitable truck crops, a record-making peach crop and a perfect season for grass, with its guaranty of fat range cattle—these things mean that the farmers of Texas will enjoy great prosperity next fall and winter. They will be liberal buyers of all that the cities have to sell. More Texas farm boys and girls will find the way open to a higher education in the colleges of the state, and the sale of modern farm machinery will boom. Incidentally, the land men—an army of developers who are doing a valuable work for Texas—will find it easier to sell their staple, and at advanced prices. The railroads will be put to it to handle the crops, and every town and city industry will do more business because of the good year in the fields, orchards, gardens and ranches.—Southwestern Farmer.

FOR SALE:—At a bargain a good piano, inquire of Mrs. M. Jett.

It will be to your interest to figure with us before you buy that bill. Fulton Lbr. Co.

The Dead Soldier's Afterglow

By HELVIN BRAYTON

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The national guard were fighting a sham battle. The red were attacking the enemy's country, while the blue were defending it. Lieutenant Ned Wagstaff was standing behind the line of battle, the men, at parade rest, waiting orders. A staff officer rode up and said:

"This command has been annihilated."

The colonel turned to his men and told them that, having been annihilated, they could fight no more. Then he gave the order to stack arms and permission to do as they liked till retreat. "Billy," said Wagstaff to Captain Drummond, "I want you to do something for me."

"What is it?"

"Go up to the house and tell Belle Harkaway that our regiment has been annihilated, that I've been killed and the jig's up all around."

"What for?"

"I want to see how she'll take it."

"She is certainly not so silly as to take it literally."

"She's pretty stupid."

"Stupid girls are most attractive to men—that is, if they are pretty—and Belle is very pretty—decidedly pretty."

"If you play your part well you can fool her. I'm curious to know if she'll mourn for me."

"All right; I'll try it on. Suppose she wants to see your dead body."

"I never thought of that. Perhaps I'd better lie dead on the battlefield. You can bring her to see the corpse. But first I want to know if you're going to give me away."

"No; I won't do that, though it would be a good joke to do so. I'll play the part for you as well as I can."

"And you'll tell me how she takes it?"

"No, but if she wants to see your corpse you can judge for yourself about that."

"All right. You'll find me under that big oak over there. So long."

Billy departed for the house, and Wagstaff went over to the oak, sprawled himself on the grass and, to kill time while waiting to be inspected for a dead man, lit a cigar. Men who fight sham battles need to get up a lot of Dutch courage. Ned had distinguished himself for bravery induced by several braces during the fight; consequently he felt doped and soon yielded to slumber. Suddenly he was awakened by a girl's voice:

"Where is he? Oh, tell me, where is he?"

Ned, recognizing the voice of the girl he loved and, realizing that soldiers are not usually killed with cigars in their mouths, let the half smoked weed fall. He felt it roll down his cheek, but where it landed he couldn't see. He lay stiff and stark.

"Here he is!" he heard Drummond say.

Ned looked sideways between his lashes and saw Belle Harkaway hurrying toward him. He closed his eyes and lay with a peaceful expression on his face. Indeed, he put on a certain serenity which he had often practiced before a mirror and which he considered very becoming to him. Belle knelt beside him. He dared not open his eyes, but he knew she was there and very near him.

"Oh, Ned!" she moaned.

"He died a noble death," Billy put in solemnly.

"Dear, brave Ned! If I had only not treated you as I did. If you could but speak one word to me to tell me that you forgive me. Are you sure he is dead? There's color in his face."

"Oh, that's often the case with men shot in battle. They call it the soldier's afterglow."

This was very clever of Billy, seeing that the afterglow was produced by the braces Ned had taken during the fight.

"Ned," moaned Belle, "speak to me!"

Ned didn't dare part his lips sufficiently to look at her, but he could hear her moaning over him.

"He makes a beautiful corpse," Billy remarked.

"Lovely! He must have been smoking when he was shot."

"What makes you think that?" asked Billy.

"Don't you see the cigar on his shoulder? Dear, brave Ned—coolly smoking in the face of danger."

"That was just like him," said Billy.

"He was always doing that kind of thing. He cared nothing for danger."

"What were his last words?" asked Belle.

"Did he say anything about me?"

"Yes, he said, 'Tell Belle Harkaway that my last thoughts, my last words, were of her.'"

"Oh, dear! If I could have been here to hold him in my arms when he died, somehow I can't realize that the red color you call the soldier's afterglow isn't the blood of life. I'm going to pinch his cheek. It may bring him back to us."

She gave his cheek a terrific pinch. Ned winced, but stood the test.

"See!" cried Belle. "The afterglow— a lot of it!"

She pinched him again, this time so vigorously that he howled.

Opening his eyes, he looked into two of the merriest orbs that ever gazed on the corpse of a beloved object.

"Rats!" he said. "There's no use trying to be dead under a pinch like that."

"More afterglow!" she cried, clapping her hands with delight as a blush of shame covered his face.

The Wedding Day

A Tale of New Amsterdam

By HELEN INGLEHART

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There lived in the town of New Amsterdam, which is now the great city of New York, a Dutchman—they were all Dutchmen there then—named Peter Van Gaasback. Peter had a daughter, Katrina, whose eyes were as blue as the vault of heaven, whose cheeks were like two roses floating in a pan of milk and whose hair hung down her back like a lovely woven flax rope.

Now, there were a people not far to the east of New Amsterdam who were of English extraction and of an entirely different makeup from the Dutch. These were the Yankees. Whenever the two peoples met for trade—they never met for anything else except to fight—the Dutchman invariably went home with nothing, while the Yankee had twice as much as he had before. It is not to be wondered that the former hated the latter.

Pardon Langdon, the Yankee who had won Katrina's young heart, was a long, lean, hungry looking youth who walked with a slouchy gait, drewled his words and did not appear to know enough to go under cover when it rained. Nevertheless he was not to be shaken from his purpose to marry Katrina despite the refusal of her father and mother and the principal citizens of New Amsterdam. These principal citizens, including her father, met to take measures to prevent the robbery of one of the most beautiful of their lassies by a Yankee and her transfer to the cabbage fields of Connecticut. A great deal of schnapps was consumed, and many pounds of tobacco were smoked—for a Dutchman could not deliberate without both—when the council came to the conclusion that the best way to prevent Katrina's marrying a Yankee was to marry her to a Dutchman.

No sooner was this decision reached than every unmarried man present put forward a claim for the position of Katrina's husband, whereupon her father announced that she should be wedded to the man among them who could show the largest number of peltries—for that was the sole business of the town—and old Dietrich Van Crinicle, some sixty years old, baldheaded and with the palsy, having shown that he owned more skins than any other, was selected to save Katrina to the community.

This was too much for Katrina's mother, who from this time sided with her daughter. But Katrina's mother was the stupidest woman in New Amsterdam. Katrina told Pardon Langdon all that had happened and that she was to be forced to marry old Van Crinicle on the fifteenth day of June coming. Pardon told Katrina to persuade her father to promise her that if she was not married to Dietrich Van Crinicle on the 15th of June, 1647, she should not be forced to marry him at all, but should be permitted to marry whomsoever she liked. Katrina, aided by her mother, spent a week persistently entreating the old man to grant this request, and he, worn out by their importunities, finally gave in. But he told Van Crinicle what he had done and warned him to surely be on hand on the appointed day to claim his bride.

When Katrina reported the success of her and her mother's work done upon her father he told her to tell her mother to meet him that night at the base of the tower wherein was the town clock. The mother did so, and Pardon, opening the door for her, told her to go up and set the clock back twenty-four hours. This was done, and Pardon instructed her that on the 15th of June she should tell her husband what she had done.

The result of all this was that on the morning of the appointed wedding Peter Van Gaasback called the council together, told them of his promise to his daughter, of his wife's turning the clock back twenty-four hours, and that Katrina now claimed that the day for the wedding had passed. What should he do?

Anthony Ten Broeck, the clearest headed man in New Amsterdam, arose and attempted to prove that, though the clock had been turned back a day, no day had been lost. But he became involved in his own argument and sat down in confusion. Others endeavored to set the matter right, but met with no better success than Ten Broeck. Then the bridegroom expectant attempted to show that the day appointed for the nuptials had arrived, but he only succeeded in proving that a day had been lost by the turning back of the clock and it was now the 16th of June. As the schnapps and tobacco smoke mounted to the brains of the Dutchmen the confusion became greater, and the debate lasted so long that some of them went to sleep, while others went home to dinner. After dinner the discussion continued till it began to grow dark, and all went home to supper and to bed.

The next morning Katrina went to her father and claimed that the 15th of the month had passed while the council were debating and she was now entitled to marry whom she pleased.

The old man was satisfied that it was now at least the 16th of the month, and he was not quite sure but it was the 17th. Katrina's mother got so mixed in her calculations that her reckoning was lost entirely. The father, being satisfied that whatever was the date the day appointed had passed, felt bound in honor to permit his daughter to have her own way.